

These Foolish Things Remind Me

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Summary: An Enjolras/Eponine story based on the lyrics of Ella Fitzgerald's 'These Foolish Things (Remind Me of You)'.

These Foolish Things Remind Me

****PART ONE****

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><p>Chapter 1

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><p>~ Oh, will you never let me be?
Oh, will you never set me free?

>The ties that bound us are still around us
There's no escape that I can see;

>And still those little things remainâ€|~
_

* * *

><p>There were always flowers, wherever she went.<p>

He remembers the day she made chains and chains and chains of them, daisies strung around her wrists, her ankles, haloing her dark hair in a wreath of white and gold. She had leapt at him with a wicked grin, trying to weave the sweet petals through his curls; but he was too fast for her even then, and her fingers had grasped nothing but thin air.

He's much taller these days, although the workout classes she attends every week have given her feet wings.

Growing up in the suburbs, the two children were inseparable. Their parents would often share a quiet smile at the school gates, those

knowing looks that only alarmed fathers and hopeful mothers possess. No matter where Eponine went, Enjolras was little more than three steps behind, grumbling for good measure (although the crooked grin that spread from ear to ear gave him away, regardless).

In those days they could be found on the banks of the river which ran behind their avenue, counting the tadpoles under the clear blue skies of Spring, and in November when the water froze over and the frosts made swirling patterns on the windowpanes, they would disappear from view, hidden amongst the dusty furniture of the Thenardiers' attic, whispering ghost stories and dressing up in old clothes which draped far past their feet (even on tiptoe).

The day that Enjolras had tripped and fallen face first through the trap door to the hallway below, Mrs Thenardier banished them from the attic for good. Eponine had cried and cried, but Enjolras, through bloody wads of tissue held against his nose, had fiercely promised to bring back old scarves and hats from his grandmother's house when he visited that Christmas, and they could pretend all day long without ever having to climb one stair.

(He made good on the promise, and Eponine didn't even mind that the hats were moth-eaten and had holes in).

* * *

><p>The days were endless like the night sky that stretched high above them as they camped outside in the treehouse of the back garden, Enjolras preoccupied with his telescope and unaware of the dark ring of soot his friend had mischievously coloured around the eyepiece. Bored by the moon and stars, Eponine had spent the night decorating the treehouse to look like a pirate ship, and the squabble that ensued over custody of the telescope ended with Enjolras marching back into the house, freckled nose held high and patchwork duvet trailing through the dewy grass behind him. (Eponine revelled in her victory, but her makeshift ship felt colder with the passing hours, no warm friend next to her).<p>

Bringing their own adventures, each day moved idly into the next, and the next, and the next, until both Enjolras and Eponine lost count of the years slipping by like the waters.

* * *

><p>Adolescence crept upon them slowly, creeping behind them like a lengthening shadow that brought with it a static tension in the air and a breathless sense of possibility on the horizon.<p>

To his delight, Enjolras hit a growth spurt and began to tower above Eponine, all gangly limbs and clumsy feet, and finally, _ finally_ getting to win the tickle fights. She countered by casting her patched dungarees away for little summer dresses and nail polish, rosy perfume dabbed to her wrists and wild hair tamed into shining waves. Her bark was still just as bad as her bite, she could curse like the sailor she had always wanted to be, and her knobbly knees were just as bruised as they always had been, but there was now a grace to her walk that even Enjolras could not ignore.

"_Sweet sixteen and never been kissed!" _

The chant was iterated by their embarrassing parents at both of their birthday parties, and the two teenagers would groan dramatically as the adults winked at each other over their heads. Enjolras would slouch off to the gate at the end of the garden in embarrassment, blushingly shaking his shaggy head as the other kids laughed and teased. It was not until Eponine's hand tugged his own that he rejoined the group, noticing as he did so the faint pink hue that glowed, too, in her cheeks.

* * *

><p>Moving to the city, they had agreed to share an apartment for their first year of college.<p>

("Just until one of us is kicked out by the landowner," Åponine joked).

"_Look after each other,"_ his father's voice had boomed behind him as they set off for the train station, laughing in those merry tones of teenage disdain.

The arrangement ran smoothly for about an hour, until Åponine accidentally left some of their bags on their carriage, and they'd spent the entire morning chasing the train from station to station in the hopes that their luggage would turn up somewhere as lost property. They laughed about it later, of course, but at the time Åponine had never known Enjolras to curse quite so fantastically.

Perhaps it was the absence of parents that had instilled this newfound rebelliousness in him, and to her confusion the idea made her heart leap in excitement.

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><p>To Be Continued.

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